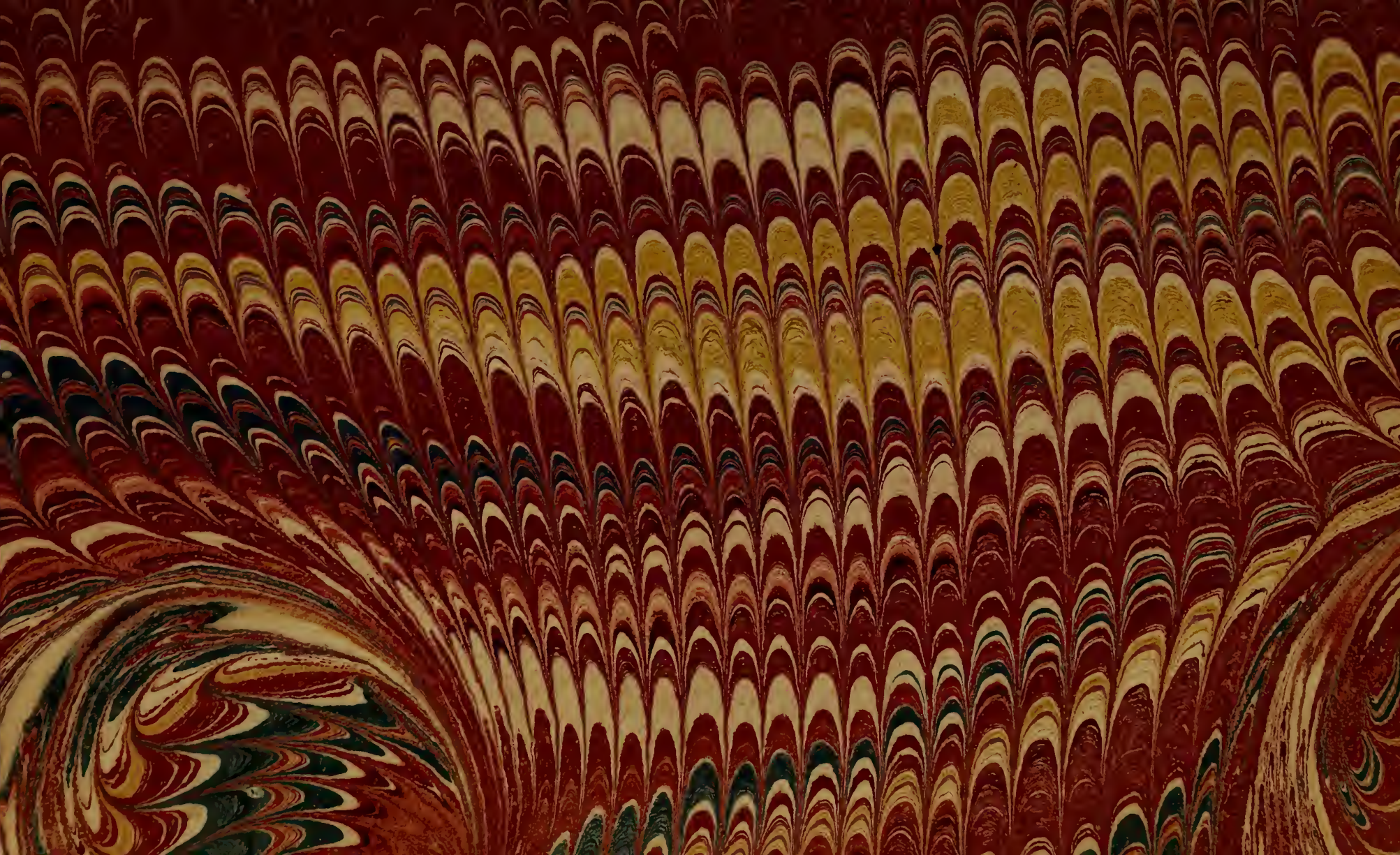
Accessions
151,359

Shelf No.
4036.2.

Barton Library. Vol. 2.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.



CLARKE & BEDFORD

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr William Shakeſpear.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLVII.

G.4036
.9
v.2

151.357
Anaxi 1873

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
ANGELO, *Lord-deputy, in the Duke's abſence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joint Deputy with* Angelo.
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
PETER, }
ELBOW, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
FROTH, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
CLOWN, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

ISABELLA, *Siſter to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo.
JULIET, *beloved of* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs OVER-DON, *a Bawd.*
Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Vienna.*

The Story is taken from Cinthio's *Novels, Dec.* 8. *Nov.* 5.

Measure *for* Measure.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter Duke, Escalus, *and Lords.*

Duke. Escalus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties t' unfold
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse;
Since I am not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency you join
A will to serve us as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
[*To the Attendants.*
I say, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress't him with our love;
And giv'n his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo*.

SCENE II. *Enter* Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues, them on thee:
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all as if
We had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can in my part me advertise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*. [*Giving him his commission.*
In our remove, be thou at full our self.
Mortality and mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Escalus*,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stampt upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know

What

What doth befal you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of our commission.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualific the law,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen!

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pyrate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: there's not a ſoldier of us all, that in the thankſgiving after meat doth reliſh the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for I think thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. Not in any profeſſion, or in any language, I think, or in any religion.

2 *Gent.* And why not? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſie.

Lucio. As for example, thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

2 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

2 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and indeed with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

2 *Gent.* I think I have done myſelf wrong, have I not?

1 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

SCENE IV. Bawd, *coming at a diſtance.*

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what, pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars * a year.

* A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours.*

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more *.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica? [*To the Bawd.*

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so; art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

SCENE V. *Enter* Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

* Alluding to the venereal scab upon the head call'd *Corona Veneris*.

Bawd.

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's Madam *Juliet*. [*Exe.* Bawd *and* Clown.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th'world? Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god Authority
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight;
I' th' words of heav'n, on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
A thirſty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality

morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: *Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good:
Is letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta*'s bed,
You know the lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dowre
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ in *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: but) this new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties
Which have like unscour'd armour hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected act
Freshly on me; 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, so it is; and thy head stands
So tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid,

If

If she be but in love, may sigh it off.
Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy; bid her self assay him,
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men: beside, she hath prosp'rous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may;
As well for the encouragement of the like,
Which else would stand on grievous imposition;
As for thy life, which I'd be sorry should be
Thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.
I'll to her strait.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A* Monastery.

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat breast: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute pow'r and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;

For

For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds)
Which for this nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their childrens sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T' unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the sight
To do it slander: To behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both Prince and people; therefore pr'ythee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally my person bear
Like a true *Friar*. More reasons for this action
At your more leisure shall I render you;
Only this one: lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A* Nunnery.

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you Nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister votarists of Saint *Clare.*

Lucio *within.*

Lucio. Hoa! peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Isabella,*
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress;
Then if you speak, you must not shew your face,
Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him. [*Exit.* Franc.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella,*
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella,* and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me, for what?

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. I would not, tho' 'tis my familiar sin

With

With maids to seem the lapwing *, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
Doth from the seedness the bare fallow bring
To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth its full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? my cousin *Juliet?*

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. Let him then marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence:
Bore many gentlemen, my self being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He, to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law
As mice by lions; hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigor of the statute,

* The lapwings fly with seeming fright and anxiety far from their nests to deceive those who seek their young.

To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften *Angelo*; and that's my pith
Of business betwixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. H'as censur'd him
Already, and, I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a Justice, and Attendants.*

Ang. WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;

Let

Let but your honour know, whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue, whether in
The working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point you censure now in him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury passing on the prisoner's life
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
To justice, that it seizes on. What know
The laws that thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. He must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost?*

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provost.

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for one fault alone.

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people

in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are you of? *Elbow* is your name? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your honour.

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom I thank heav'n is an honest woman.

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By that woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-don*'s means; but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; we had but two in the house, which at that very instant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; (your honours have seen such dishes, they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having no more in the dish, as I said; master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: and I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. *All-holland* eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch

bunch of grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your lordship. Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good master *Froth*, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose; doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right; constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here; *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked * *Hannibal!* I respected with her before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked * *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don.*

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master *Froth*: master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*; farewel. [*Exit* Froth.

* He means to say *Animal.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*, and it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you, I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of mony, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, go home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Provost, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do; I'll know
His pleasure; may be he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:

All

All sects, all ages smack o' th' vice; and he
To die for it!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provost?*

Prov. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When after execution judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Let that be mine;
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while. Y'are welcome; what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. What's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must plead, albeit I am
At war 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang.

Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to-day;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then; —heav'n keep your honour!
Lucio. Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with a more tame tongue desire it.
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your Heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I that do speak a word,
May call it back again: and believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to heav'n I had your potency,

And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him, there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl of season; serve we heav'n
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet,
Looks in a glass which shews that future evils
Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Aug. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;

And do him right, that answering this foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Then be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Incessantly would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful, sweet heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
(Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.
Prov. Pray heav'n she win him.
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with your self:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul prophanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art thou advis'd o' that? more on't, yet more.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense bleeds with't. Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you, good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heav'n shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n and enter there,
Ere sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to-morrow.
Isab. Heav'n keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen! I say: [*Aside.*
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend you?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. 'Save your honour! [*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Isabella.

SCENE VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there: oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:

Thieves

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint
With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue; ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ev'n 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *A Prison.*

Enter Duke *habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, *Provost*; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your will, good *Friar?*

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison; do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child,
And he that got it sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter ; but repent you not
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame ?
Which sorrow's always tow'rds our selves, not heaven,
Showing we'd not seek heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. 'Tis well, there rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him ;
So grace go with you ; *benedicite !* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow ! oh injurious law,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror !
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects : heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel :* heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception : the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious ; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place ! oh form !
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming ! blood, thou art but blood :
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;

Is't

Is't not the devil's creſt? How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One *Iſabel* a ſiſter aſks acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns! why does my blood
Thus muſter to my heart, making both that
Unable for itſelf, and diſpoſſeſſing
My other parts of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general ſubjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Croud to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

SCENE XI. *Enter Iſabella.*

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to declare what 'tis. He cannot live.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo?——heav'n keep you! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while;
And it may be as long as you or I;
Yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy leudneſs that do coin heav'n's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as juſt,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poſe you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs

As she, that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity?

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were't equal poize of sin and charity?

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n let me bear it! you granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make't my morning-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masques
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me well:
To be received plain I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,)
But (in the loss of question) that you his sister,

Finding

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as my self;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy sure
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. Oh, pardon me,
My lord; it very oft falls out, to have
What we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar

In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words: be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.

Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me that he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.

Iſab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretch'd throat I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' th' ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein,
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: ſave thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will.

Or

Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof *;
Bidding the law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Isabel*, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PRISON.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

Duke. SO, then you hope for pardon from lord *Angelo?*
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope: I've hope to live, and am
Prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; or death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
With life; if I do lose thee, I do lose
A thing that none but fools would keep, a breath
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That do this habitation where thou keep'st

* *Approof* here is to be taken in the sense of *Approbation.*

Hourly

Hourly afflict: meerly thou art death's Fool *;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'ſt
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſts on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. Though thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels which do call thee Sire,
The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes an indigent, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid a thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find I ſeek to die,
And ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov.

* In the ſimplicity of the ancient ſhews upon our ſtage it was common to bring in two figures, one repreſenting a *Fool*, the other *Death* or *Fate*: The turn and contrivance of the piece was to make the *Fool* lay many ſtratagems to avoid *Death*, which yet brought him more immediately into the jaws of it.

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.
Isab. My business is a word or two with *Claudio.*
Prov. And very welcome. Signior, here's your sister.
Duke. *Provost,* a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.

SCENE II.

Claud. Now, good sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in speed:
Lord *Angelo* having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift embassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To-morrow you set out.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
Must cleave a heart in twain.
Clown. But is there any?
Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one, as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio,* and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I want a resolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliance. This outward-sainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth emmew
As faulcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The priestly *Angelo?*
Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio?*
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.
Claud. Oh heav'ns! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would grant thee, for this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel.*
Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he then affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick

Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel!*
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death's a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those——that lawless and incertain thought——
Imagine howling;——'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. Oh, you beast!
Oh faithless coward! oh dishoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
Heav'n grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pay a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.
Claud. Hear me, *Isabel.*
Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;

'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella.*

SCENE III. *To them, Enter* Duke *and* Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self for death. Do not falsifie your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Exit.* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in such goodness; but grace being the soul of your complection, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that *Angelo* hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born.

born. But oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo!* if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, father: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick* the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; he was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love towards her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few words, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust kindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer your self to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit and reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Duke, Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usurers the

the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd, by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer than innocency ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array my ſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free!

SCENE V. *Enter* Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pygmalion*'s images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd?

clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, the matter, and the method? is't not drown'd i'th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all the beef, and she is her self in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd, an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, 'faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey:* farewel: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey.* 'Bless you, *Friar.*

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go.

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

SCENE VI.

What news, *Friar*, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none; can you tell me of any?

Lucio.

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd; and it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he has no motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! would the Duke that is absent have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a fly fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee might be the cause?

Lucio. No; pardon: 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but indeed I can do you a little harm: you'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar.* But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the province with continency.

Sparrows

Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrusting. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pr'ythee, pray for me: the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's not past it yet; and, I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say that I say so; farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slander'ous tongue?
But who comes here?

SCENE VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, *and Officers.*

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swerve, and play the tyrant

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information against me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison; go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd: *Claudio* must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father!

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in an undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that above all other strifes
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profest to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd: I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go:
More not leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide!
How may that likeneſs ſhading crimes,
Making practiſe on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to-night ſhall lye
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange. Enter Mariana, *and boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn;
But my Kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy Song, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much dispeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet one.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt:
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No; none but only a repair i' th' dark;
And that I have possest him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up,
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*

A word of this. What hoa! within! come forth!

SCENE III. *Enter* Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do, and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside? [*Ex.* Mari. *and* Isab.

Duke. Oh place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with their false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!——Well! agreed?

SCENE IV. *Re-enter* Mariana, *and* Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
" *Remember now my brother.*

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Prison.*

Enter Provost *and* Clown.

Pro. Come hither, sirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me

a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson!* where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir; you weigh equally, a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir, a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

* *Abhor.* * * * * * * * * * * *

Clown. * * * * * * * * * * *

Sir, it is a mystery.

* The Text here is plainly maimed and deficient, the words by which *Abhorson* should prove the Hangman's trade a mystery are lost. But from what follows the argument may be conjectured to have been this, that every man's apparel fitted the hangman: to which we may suppose the *Clown* replied, that for the same reason the same thing might be said of the Thief's trade-- *Yes, Sir, it is a mystery, &c.* and this connects the rest that follows.

Abhor.

Abhor. Proof.

Clown. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four a-clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. [*Ex.* Claud.] But hark, what noise? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your spirits comfort!—by and by,——
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
For the most gentle *Claudio.* Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsom'st spirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provost!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*
Duke. There's some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come. [*Knock again.*
[*Exit* Provost.
This is a gentle *Provost*, seldom when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possest with haste
That wounds th' unresting postern with these strokes.
[Provost *returns.*
Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, Sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profest the contrary.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Messenger.*

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.
Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for as I take it, it is almost day.
Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messen.
Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority; When

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely, for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost *reads the letter.*

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better satisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born, but here nurst up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and indeed his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself patiently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, rechless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and mortally desperate.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him,

as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command under penalty to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my case as *Claudio*'s to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo.*

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance of his entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were mistress *Over-don*'s own house; for here be many of her old customers. First here's young Mr. *Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen Pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry then, ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-spur*, and Master *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that killed lusty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forth-light* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great Traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and I think forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What hoa, *Barnardine!*

Bar-

Barnardine *within.*

Barnar. A pox o' your throats? who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman; you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorson?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,

Barnar.

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!

Prov. After him, fellows: bring him to the block, Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pyrate, A man of *Claudio*'s years: with beard and head Just of his colour. What if we emit This reprobate 'till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heav'n provides: Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefixt by *Angelo*: see this be done, And sent according to command; while I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done good father presently. But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue *Claudio*, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done, Put them in secret holds, *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To th' under generation, you shall find Your safety manifest.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, quick, and send the head to *Angelo*. [*Exit* Prov.

Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*, The *Provost* he shall bear them, whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home; And that by great injunctions I am bound To enter publickly: him I'll desire

To

To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-ballanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. Isabel *within.*

Isab. Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*, she comes to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. By your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo.*

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel!*
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo!*

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heav'n:
Mark what I say, which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor
Gives me this news: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. Pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana*'s house. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

SCENE XI. *Enter* Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where is the *Provost?*

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, marry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes marry did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray heav'n his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night. This deed
Unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, dull
To all proceedings. A defloured maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! but that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! yet reason dares her: no,
For my authority bears off all credence;
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dang'rous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack,

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *The Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our purpose and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister: call at *Flavius'* house,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *Enter* Isabella *and* Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would *Friar Peter*——

Isab. Oh, peace; the *Friar* is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous and graves citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, *and Citizens, at several doors.*

Duke. MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang. and *Esc.* Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.. Come, *Escalus*,
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

SCENE II. *Enter* Peter *and* Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:

Hear

Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me here!
Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
Sh' 'ath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.
Isab. Course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.
Isab. Most strange but yet most truly will I speak;
That *Angelo*'s forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo*'s a murth'rer: is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.
Isab. Oh, I conjure thee, Prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As *Angelo*; ev'n so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, carats, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: trust me, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.
Duke. By mine honour,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; and do not banish reason

For inequality; but let your reason
Serve to make truth appear where it seems hid,
Not hide the false seems true.
Duke. Many not mad
Have sure more lack of reason. What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication,
To lose his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio* being
As then the messenger,——
Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to speak. [*To* Lucio.
Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heav'n you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour, Sir.
Duke. The warrant's for your self; be sure take heed to't.
Isab. This gentleman told something of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter then; proceed.
Isab. In brief; (to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.

He

He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: next morn betimes,
His purpoſe forfeiting, he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Iſab. Oh that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. His integrity
Stands without blemiſh; it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo
Offended, he would have weigh'd thy brother by
Himſelf, and not have cut him off. Some one
Hath ſet you on, confeſs the truth, and ſay
By whoſe advice thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe;
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this muſt be a practice.
Who knew of our intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father belike: who knows that *Lodowick?*

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar* belike.
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon; a ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

Peter. Bleſs'd be your Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe
No leſs. Know you that *Friar Lodowick?*

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly he did; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true or falſe, and he upon his oath
By all probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtifie this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe her ſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! ——
Give us ſome ſeats; come, couſin *Angelo*,
In this I will be partial: be you judge
Of your own cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*

[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt let her ſhew her face, and after ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face
Until

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confess besides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more
Than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. You say your husband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knew *Isabel*'s.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*, [*Unveiling.*
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

Was

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from *Isabel*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief,
For that her reputation was dis-valu'd
In levity; since which time, of five years
I never spake with, saw, or heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here
A marble monument.
Ang. I did but smile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive
These poor informing women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's

That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar* that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed
Hath set the woman on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Do it instantly.
And you, my noble and my well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have
Determin'd well upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honest in nothing but in his cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her privately she should sooner confess; perchance publickly she'd be asham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provost; Isabella *is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost.*

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo?* they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least I'll speak. But oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good-night to your redress: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your tryal in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar,*
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T'accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him: we'll touze you
(Ev'n joint by joint) but we will know this purpose:
What? He unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in *Vienna;*
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,

'Till

'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, *
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior *Lucio?* Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir, and was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report? you indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches!

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: away with him to prison: where is the *Provost?* away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more: away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir, come, Sir, come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded,

* It is a custom in the shops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade: In a Barber's shop especially, when heretofore Barbers practis'd the under parts of Surgery, their instruments being of a nice kind and their shops generally full of idle people, there was hung up a table shewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling with each instrument.

must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd; an hour? will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.
First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you [*To* Lucio.
Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you down: [*To* Escalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: [*To* Ang.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame;
But let my tryal be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:* say; wast thou
Contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provost.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

SCENE V.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertising, all holy, to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel:*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd my self,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost: O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
(Which I did think with slower foot came on)
That brain'd my purpose: but now peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour; you must pardon him
For *Mariana*'s sake: but as a judge,
Being doubly criminal, in violation
Of sacred chastity, and in promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure.*
Then, *Angelo,* thy faults are manifest;
Which, tho' thou would'st deny 'em, deny thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste,
Away with him.

Mari. Oh my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,——

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh my good lord! Sweet *Isabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
Oh *Isabel!* will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake
His bad intent, and must be bury'd but
As an intent that perish'd by the way:

Thoughts

Thoughts are no subjects; intents meerly thoughts.
Mari. Meerly, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. 'Twas so commanded.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord, it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. And what is he?
Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would thou had'st done so by *Claudio:*
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit* Prov.
Escal. I'm sorry one so learned and so wise,
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grosly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*
Prov. This, my good lord.
Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd.
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide

For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to you. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio* as himſelf. [*Uncovers him.*

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake [*To* Iſab.
He's pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, ſay you'll be mine, and he's
My brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe,
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth works yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in my ſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To* Lucio.
One all of luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein execute.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deserves it.
Her, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana!* love her, *Angelo:*
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secresie;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline:
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

V. 2. *Comedy of Errors.* 6.

THE COMEDY OF *ERRORS.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
ANTIPHOLIS *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
ANTIPHOLIS *of* Syracuſe, } ÆGeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
DROMIO *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to the*
DROMIO *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholis's.
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Dr. PINCH, *a Schoolmaſter, and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to* ÆGeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
ADRIANA, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
LUCIANA, *Siſter to* Adriana.
LUCE, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Epheſus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi *of* Plautus.

THE Comedy of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, *Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.*

Ægeon. PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, or well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and our selves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverse towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracusan* born
Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied

To

To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet 'tis my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay in brief the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus.*

Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs that my end
Was wrought by nature *, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, 'till my factor's death;
And he great ſtore of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon and ſafe arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon!

* *That is,* by a natural event, by the courſe of providence.

We

We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which tho' my self would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd our selves at th' end of either mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sun gazing upon the earth
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came——oh, let me say no more;
Gather the sequel by what went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encountred by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt :
So that in this unjuſt divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul ! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer wo,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the other ſhip had ſeiz'd on us ;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts,
And would have 'reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs,
Thus by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in queſt of him :
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus* :
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt

To

To bear th' extremity of dire miſhap;
Now trust me, were it not againſt our laws,
Which Princes, would they, may not diſannul,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To ſeek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, now take him to thy cuſtody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your mony that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means. [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,

Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort with you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe my ſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Ex. Mer.*

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe my ſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit,
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold becauſe you come not home;
You come not home becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach having broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the mony that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, ſix pence that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper?
The ſadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;

Tell

Tell me and dally not, where is the mony ?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody ?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at dinner :
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt,
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed ;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate :
Methinks your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon ;
Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

E. Dro. To me, Sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner ;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my mony ;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd :
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me ?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate ;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders ;
But not a thouſand marks between you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks ? what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou ?

E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the *Phœnix* ;
She that doth faſt 'till you come home to dinner ;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir ? for God's ſake hold your hands ;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels. [*Ex.* Dromio.

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The Villain is o'er-raught of all my mony.
They ſay, this town is full of couzenage ;

As nimble juglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-ſelling witches, that deform the body:
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch-like libertines of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear my mony is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. NEither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a-clock.

Luc. Perhaps ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter, and when they ſee time
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their Liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with wo.
There's nothing ſituate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, and ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controuls:
Men more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.
Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practice to obey.
Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more we ſhould our ſelves complain;
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to be like right-bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

SCENE II. *Enter* Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.
Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?
E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.
Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?
E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.
Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but ſure ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?

The

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; my gold, quoth he.
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I ; hang up thy miſtreſs ;
Thy miſtreſs I know not ; out on thy miſtreſs :
Luc. Quoth who ?
E. Dro. Why, quoth my maſter :
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs ;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders :
For in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.
E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For God's ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.
Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.
E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating :
Between you I ſhall have an holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.
E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus ?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither :
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face !
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look :
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and ſharp diſcouſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault ; he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home : poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self-harming jealouſie ; fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe :

I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chain,
Would that alone alas! he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee the jewel beſt enameled
Will loſe his beauty; and tho' gold bides ſtill
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſie! [*Exe.*

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?
S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.
S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt,
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?
Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beats* Dro.
S. Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt; Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a comedy of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.
But ſoft; who wafts us yonder? *

* ---- wafts us yonder?

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they ſay every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon. When in the why and wherefore is neither rhime nor reaſon? Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give nothing for ſomething. But ſay, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May ye not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro.

SCENE V. *Enter* Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath ſome ſweet aſpects,
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thy ſelf from me;

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted in hair, he hath given in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound ones, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: *Time* himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion.

SCENE V. *&c.* For

For know, my love, as eaſie may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch me to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou would'ſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk *.

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?*

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words

Didſt

* ---- as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fie, brother, &c.

Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart?

S. Dro. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine:
Whoſe weakneſs marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs,
Which all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream;
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner*.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,

* --- ſervants ſpread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights;
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot?
S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true, ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be.
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, &c.

Whilſt man and maſter laugh my wo es to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner: *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well-adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to my ſelf diſguis'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. Ant. GOod Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard thou, what did'ſt thou mean by this? *
I think thou art an aſs.
E. Dro. Marry, doth it ſo appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear?
I ſhould kick being kickt; and being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God our cheer

* - - did'ſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think, &c.

May

May answer my good will, and your good welcome *.
But soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian!
S. Dro. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, ideot, patch,
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door †.

* ----and your good welcome.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feast.
E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lockt, *&c.*

† ----get thee from the door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.
S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not: come again when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*
E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame?
If thou hadst been *Dromio* to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
Luce. [*Within.*] What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are those at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my master in, *Luce.*
Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb.* Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another: that's when? can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.
E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have askt you. *S. Dro.* And you said, no.

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the gate †.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be thus.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this; your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe Why

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that, *&c.*

† ----go get you from the gate.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold.
It would make a man as mad as buck to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind.

E. Dro. Here's too much: out upon thee; I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, *&c.*

Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion,
For ever hous'd where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpite of wrath mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the houſe: that chain I will beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Houſe of* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*, hate
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's-ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;

Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy Saint;
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard-fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas poor women, make us but believe
(Being compact of credit) that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.

S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs; what your name is elſe I know
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine: [not,
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline:
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;

Sing

Sing, *Siren*, for thy ſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think
He gains by death that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
S. Ant. Call thy ſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc.

SCENE III. *Enter* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where runn'ſt thou ſo faſt?
S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I my ſelf?
S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelf.
S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man and beſides my ſelf.
S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thy ſelf?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman;

man; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go overshoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.*

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. 'Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breaſt had not been made of flint, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul

* A jingle intended between the words *Hair* and *Heir*; *France* being then in arms againſt the *Heir* of the Crown *Henry* IV.

Doth

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But leſt my ſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo *with a chain.*

Ang. Maſter *Antipholis!*

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe your ſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now,
For fear you ne'er ſee chain nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

Mer. YOU know ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this Officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum that I do owe to you,

Is

Is owing to me by *Antipholis*;
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five a clock
I ſhall receive the mony for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.
Enter Antiph. Eph. *and* Dro. Eph. *as from the Courtezan's.*
Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee where he comes.
E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that I will beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.
But ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit* Dromio.
E. Ant. A man is well holp up that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain:
But neither chain nor goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carat,
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.
E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as ſoon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her your ſelf.
E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not in time.
Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?
E. Ant. And if I have not, Sir, I hope you have:
Or elſe you may return without your mony.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain.

Both

Both wind and tide ſtay for the gentleman;
And I to blame have held him here too long.
E. Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine:*
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour ſteals on: I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain.
E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, if you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The mony that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour ſince.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Offi. I do,
And charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail.
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

Ang.

Arg. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II. *Enter* Dromio Syra. *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and your ſelf.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee for what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtrait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon, 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him a right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, tho' yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would he in others eyes were worſe!
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him tho' my tongue do curſe.

SCENE IV. *Enter* S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?
S. Dro. No; he's in *Tartar Limbo,* worſe than hell?
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rough,
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgment carries poor ſouls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suit?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested; but he's in a suit of buff which rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the mony is in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, [*Exit* Luc.
That he unknown to me should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.*

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the mony, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender mony to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* sorcerers inhabit here.

*.... that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, it turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if *Time* were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That *Time* comes stealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter, &c.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?*

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the paradiſe, but that *Adam* that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a bob, and † reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his † reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a ** *Maurice*-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he that brings any man to anſwer that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI. *Enter a Courtezan.*

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis.*
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

* Alluding to the Coat of *Skins* made for *Adam* after the Fall, and the *leathern* Coat worn by the Officer who made the arreſt.

† In *reſts* and *reſt* is intended a quibble for *arreſts* and *arreſt*.

** Alluding to the *Pike-men* in Prince *Maurice*'s army, which were a famous body of Soldiers at that time.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not.*

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone; but she more covetous would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go. †

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Cour. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,

* --- tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress *Satan?*

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches say, God dam me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art (as you are all) a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me, &c.

† ---- let us go,

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that you know.

SCENE VII, &c. [*Exeunt.*

Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife that being lunatick
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe,
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much mony,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man, I think he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir, and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dro.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerved him from the hour of my nativity

to

to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I ſleep, rais'd with it when I ſit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather propheſie like a parrot *, beware the rope's-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dro.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you in what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecſtaſie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. Oh huſband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame.

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

A. Dro.

* It was a word which was taught to Parrots to throw out by way of abuſe upon people as they paſſed along, *A rope, a rope.*

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?
E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.
E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?
E. Dro. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.
E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
E. Dro. Certes ſhe did, the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.
E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.
E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good-will you might,
But ſurely, maſter, not a rag of mony.
E. Ent. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.
Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.
Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murther me? thou jailor thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor, [*They bind* Ant. *and* Dro.
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh moſt unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!
E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing thus? be mad,
Good maſter, cry the devil.
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Ant. *and* Dro.

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. *and Courtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldſmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband all in rage to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Strait after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr.

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to ?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy * of our conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it ;
Alone it was the ſubject of my theam ;
In company I often glanc'd at it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs ?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
A'kin to grim and comfortleſs deſpair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in ſport, in life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd would mad or man or beaſt :
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy huſband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.

Why

* By *copy* here is to be underſtood *abundance, fulneſs*, as *copiâ* ſignifies in Latin : and in this ſenſe *Ben. Johnſon* and other Authors of that time frequently uſe it.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but my self,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholsome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of my oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit* Abb.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five:
Anon I'm sure the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

SCENE III. *Enter the Duke, and* Ægeon *bare-headed, with the Headsman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order from the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant mad himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us
Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you knock at the abbey gate,

And

And bid the lady Abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this before I ſtir.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave your ſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to us.

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband; witneſs you,
That he is born about inviſible.
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis* and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there;
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me;
Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good Lord: myself, he and my sister,
Did dine together: so befall my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman, they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming hither,
I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave

Forsooth

Forſooth took on him as a conjurer ;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together ;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth thus far I witneſs with him ;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my Lord ; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls.
Nor ever didſt thou draw the ſword on me :
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n !
And this is falſe you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this ?
I think you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly :
You ſay he din'd at home, the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange ; go call the Abbeſs hither ;

I think you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bondman *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our ſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me
And careful hours with time's deformed hand [laſt,
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, truſt me, nor I.

Ægeon. I am ſure thou doſt.

E. Dro. But I am ſure I do not; and whatſoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis.*

E. Ant.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.
Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa*'s bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.
E. Ant. The Duke and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan *and* Drom io Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?
S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two *Antipholis's*, two so like,
And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance;
Both goes emerging from their wreck at sea;
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuſe*.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my huſband?

E. Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.

S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman her ſiſter here
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream I ſee and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you mony, Sir, to be your bail
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors all aroſe.

E. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.
Twenty five years have I gone in travel
Of you my sons, nor 'till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast and go with me:
After so long grief such felicity!

Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast. [*Exe.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antiph. *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur.*

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your Master, *Dromio.*
Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt the two* Antiph.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir, you're my elder,

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

V.2. *Much ado about Nothing.* 7.

MUCH ADO ABOUT *NOTHING.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
LEONATO, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don JOHN, *Baſtard-Brother to Don* Pedro.
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
ANTONIO, *Brother to* Leonato.
BORACHIO, *Confident to Don* John.
CONRADE, *Friend to* Borachio.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

HERO, *Daughter to* Leonato.
BEATRICE, *Niece to* Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } *two Gentlemen attending on* Hero.

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE *Meſſina.*

The Story from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. *l.* 5.

Much Ado *about* Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's *House,*

Enter Leonato, Hero *and* Beatrice, *with a Messenger.*

Leon. I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina.*

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine,* call'd *Claudio.*

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro:* he hath born himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces

truer than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* * return'd from the wars or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promiſed to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith, niece, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtuft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſs than a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing, well! we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my niece; there is a kind of merry war between Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the

* She gives him this name to ridicule in him the character of a bluſtering ſoldier, the word *Montanto* in *Spaniſh* ſignifying *a two-handed ſword.*

wearth

wearth* that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; if he were I would burn my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot *January.*

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge most willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; we may guess by

* *Wearth* is an old English word to signifie the *wear* or *wearing* of any thing.

this what you are, being a man: truly the Lady fathers her ſelf; be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick?* courteſie it ſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſie a turn-coat; but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women! they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, if 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Don *John*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*, my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month, and he heartily prays ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn. Let me bid you welcome, my Lord; being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty. [*To Don* John.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pry'thee ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it in too; but ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can ſee without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter; there's her couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſt with ſuch a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December:* but I hope you have no intent to turn huſband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away *Sundays*: look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Don* Pedro.

Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s houſe?

Bene. I would your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*; I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have thee think ſo; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance:——he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark how ſhort his anſwer is; with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort daughter

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but

but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do my ſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind *Cupid.*

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam* *.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire,* let them ſignify under my ſign, *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice* †, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick,* repair to *Leonato*'s, commend

* Alluding to one *Adam Bell* a famous archer of old.

† Beſides that *Venice* is as remarkable for freedoms in amorous intrigues as *Cyprus* was of old, there may be a farther conjecture why this expreſſion is here uſed: The *Italians* give to each of their principal cities a particular diſtinguiſhing title, as, *Roma la ſanta, Napoli la gentile, Genoua la ſuperba, &c.* and among the reſt it is, *Venetia la ricca, Venice the wealthy:* A ſarcaſm therefore ſeems to be here implied that money governs Love.

mend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you———

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it,——

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I'll break with her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The

The faireſt plea is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou loveſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother, where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſie about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow. I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: couſins, you know what you have to do. [*Some croſs the Stage.*] O, I cry your mercy, friend, go you with me and I will uſe your ſkill; good couſin, have a care this buſie time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Street.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. What the goujeres, my Lord! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John.

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make your ſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzle, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John.

John. A proper Squire; and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs my ſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Conr. To the death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater that I am ſubdu'd; would the cook were of my mind! ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Leon. WAS not Count *John* here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face——

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and mony enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst, and I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns, but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes to hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids: so deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, 'faith, it is my cousin's duty to make curtsie, and say, *as it please you*; but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, *father, as it pleases me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s sons

ſons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do ſollicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too importunate, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

SCENE II. *Enter Don* Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others in Maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemon*'s roof, within the houſe is *Jove.*

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. *Speak low, if you ſpeak love* *.

[*Drawing her aſide to whiſper.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

* This ſeems to be a line quoted from a ſong or ſome verſes commonly known at that time.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Urs. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill, well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of *The hundred merry Tales*; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me,

me, which peradventure not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENNE III. *Muſick for the Dance.*

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*, I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet. [*Ex.* John *and* Bora.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love, uſe your own tongues!
Let every eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs,

Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarf? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have serv'd you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be I go under that title, because I am merry; yea, but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV. *Enter Don* Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my Lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had been my ſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impetuous conveyance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me; ſhe ſpeaks Ponyards, and every word ſtabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd; ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd ſpit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her the infernal *Atè* in good apparel. I would to God ſome ſcholar would conjure her; for certainly while ſhe is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a ſanctuary, and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the *Antipodes* that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheſt inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of *Preſter John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any embaſſage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this lady's tongue. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Come, Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick.*

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I' faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy Name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my self for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Leon.

Leon. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd, I may ſit in a corner, and cry heigh ho for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: but I beſeech your Grace pardon me, I was born to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for out of queſtion you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born. Couſins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle: by your Grace's pardon.

[*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord, ſhe's never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband?

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Leon. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear ſon, which is hence a

juſt

juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules*'s labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far can I praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, that in deſpite of his quick wit, and his queaſie ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your Lordſhip a year ſince, how much

much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned *Claudio* (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you have diſcover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them inſtances which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of *Hero*'s diſloyalty, that jealouſie ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII. Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and a Boy.*

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. — I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn by falling in love: and ſuch a man is *Claudio.* I have known when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier, and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God *. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

* Hinting ſatirically at the art uſed by Ladies in dying their hair of a colour different from what it is by nature.

Claud.

Claud. Yea, my good Lord; how ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!
Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himſelf?
Claud. O very well, my Lord; the muſick ended,
We'll fit the cade-fox with a penny-worth.
Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that ſong again.
Balth. O good my Lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.
Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection;
I pray thee ſing, and let me woo no more †.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no more,
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.
Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord.

Pedro.

† ----woo no more.
Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſwear he loves.
Pedro Nay, pray thee come.
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.
Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul ravish'd! is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens bodies? a horn for my mony, when all's done.

The SONG, &c.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. If he had been a dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſchief; I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea marry: doſt thou hear, *Balthazar?* I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. [*Exit* Balth.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O ay, ſtalk on; ſtalk on, the fowl ſits. I did never think that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviour ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, the fiſh will bite. [*Speaking low.*

Leon. What effects, my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedick.*

Bene. I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded

bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch reverence. [*Aſide.*

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection; hold it up. [*Speaking low.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick?*

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, rail'd at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew wou'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me, yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſays ſo, and the ecſtaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do a deſperate outrage to her ſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor Lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick.*

Leon. O my Lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo

tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have dofft all other respects, and made her half myself; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptuous spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear *. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go see *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud.

* ---- a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, how soever it seems not in him, by some large Jests he will make. Well, &c.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry; the ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be meerly a dumb ſhew; let us ſend her to call him in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they ſeem to pity the Lady; it ſeems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited: I hear how I am cenſur'd; they ſay I will bear my ſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection——I did never think to marry——I muſt not ſeem proud——happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay the Lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous; 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me——by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her,——I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day, ſhe's a fair Lady, I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:* there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me*; that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you are as eaſie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew*; I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Margaret,* run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my couſin *Beatrice,*
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay that thou overheard'ſt us,
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles ripen'd by the ſun
Forbid the ſun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten to our purpoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, *Urſula,* when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee muſt be how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look where *Beatrice* like a lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.

Urſ.

Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.——
No truly, *Urſula*, ſhe's too diſdainful,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild,
As haggards of the rock.
Urſ But are you ſure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* ſo intirely?
Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed Lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it ſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.
Urſ. Sure I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſ. Sure, ſure ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a bitter death to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And truly I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.

Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſweet and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Urſ. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow: come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſ.

Urſ. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, ſome with traps. [*Exeunt.*

Beatrice *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then I go toward *Arragon.*

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my Lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company, for from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm. *Bene.*

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a *Dutch* man to-day, a *French* man to-morrow; unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat a-mornings: what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops——

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her heels upwards *.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words

* *They ſhould be buried with their heels upwards* was a proverbial ſaying heretofore in uſe and applied to thoſe who had met with any piece of fortune very ſurprizing and very rare.

words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt* Bene. *and* Leon.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice.*

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice,* and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

SCENE III. *Enter Don* John.

John. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, Brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your Lordship to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest; for my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestow'd.

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even she, *Leonato*'s *Hero,* your *Hero,* every man's *Hero.*

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window ent'er'd, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, 'till you are my witneſſes; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you ſay when you have ſeen the ſequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt diſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* *Hugh Oatcake,* Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole:* God hath bleſt you with a good name; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity: you are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the Conſtable

Conſtable of the watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's ſubjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the Streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet Watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your bills be not ſtolen: well, you are to call at all the alehouſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may ſtay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for indeed the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counſel and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit were upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato*'s door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night; adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you. [*Exeunt* Dogb. *and* Verg.

SCENE V. *Enter* Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What, *Conrade!*

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay.

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe under this pent-houſe, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk if it were poſſible any villainy ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews thou art unconfirm'd; thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the fool's the fool; but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharao*'s ſoldiers in the reechy painting, ſometimes like the God *Bel*'s prieſts in the old church-window, ſometimes like the ſhaven *Hercules** in the ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſie as his club?

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddy with the faſhion, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero*'s gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—I tell this tale vilely—I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter planted and plac'd, and poſſeſſed by my

* *Meaning* Sampſon.

maſter Don *John*, ſaw far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable, we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters,——

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters,——

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. Good *Urſula*, wake my couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good, and I warrant your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i' faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan*'s gown that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves, and ſkirts round, underborn with a bleuiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of ſpeaking honourably; is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a huſband? none I think, if it be the right huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; aſk my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels: then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five a clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid and ſtuft! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle; you may think perchance that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man; he ſwore he would never marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you, for you ſee 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter, an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God help I would deſire they were, but, in faith, as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous, *palabras*, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your Worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tedioufneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and twice a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to-night, excepting your Worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir, he will be talking as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid, i' faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind; an honeſt ſoul, i' faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhip'd; all men are not alike, alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have indeed comprehended two auſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your Worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Exit* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's that ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

Leon. COme, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero.

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar: father, by your leave.
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs not modeſty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity ——

Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.

Hero.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it;
You ſeem'd to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. *Leonato*, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my Lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Leon. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero her ſelf can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.
Pedro. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; upon my honour,
My ſelf, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window,

Who

Who hath, indeed like an illiberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

John. Fie, they are
Not to be nam'd, my Lord, not to be ſpoken of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty Lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[Hero *ſwoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things come thus to light
Smother her ſpirits up. [*Exe. D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.

SCENE II.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero,* do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
My ſelf would on the rereward of reproaches

Strike

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's hand?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes;
Why had not I, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine,
This ſhame derives it ſelf from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I my ſelf was to my ſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe, Oh! ſhe is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again,
And ſalt too little which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh.

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No truly, not; altho' until laſt night
I have this twelvemonths been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie? and *Claudio* would he lie,
Who lov'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the Lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervation,

Which

Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet Lady lye not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. It cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſdoms be miſ-led in this,
The practice of it lives in *John* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life 'reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead;
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,

And

And publiſh it that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words.
Th' idea of her love ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, tho' he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Friar adviſe you:
And tho' you know my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow
In grief, alas! the ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, Lady, die to live; this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Manent* Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not; it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene By my ſword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that ſays I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be devis'd to it; I [illegible] teſt I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, ſweet *Beatrice?*

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice!

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour——O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?——a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay but, *Beatrice!*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. But———

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongues, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it; I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him. I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a ſtool and cuſhion for the Sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before maſter conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray write down *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

To. Cl. Write down maſter gentleman *Conrade*; maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains.——Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, Sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, stand aside; 'fore God they are both in a tale; have you writ down that they are none.

Sexton. Master Town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

To. Cl. Yea marry, that's the deftest way, let the Watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why, this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master Town-clerk!

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' Mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, Fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stol'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Conr. Let us be in the hands of *Coxcomb.*

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them; thou naughty varlet!

Conr.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs! but, maſters, remember that I am an aſs, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs; I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an houſholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in *Meſſina*, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him; bring him away; O that I had been writ down an aſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.* *Enter* Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus, you will kill your ſelf,
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt your ſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuite with mine;
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak to me of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form;
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow waive, cry hem, when he ſhould groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before

Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no, 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue nor ſufficiency
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel,
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your ſelf.
Make theſe that do offend you ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me *Hero* is bely'd,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

SCENE II. *Enter Don* Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords?

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*

Leon. Some haſte, my Lord! well, fare you well, my Lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongeth him?

Leon Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leon.

Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruiſe of many days
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd my innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, *Claudio*, thine I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy, come, boy, follow me,
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother!
Ant. Content your ſelf; God knows I lov'd my niece.
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, jacks, braggarts, milkſops!
Leon. Brother *Anthony!*
Ant. Hold you content? what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,

That

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durſt;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother *Anthony!*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not rack your patience.
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord ———

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No!
Come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it. [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud.

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me. I pray you chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet Lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſalvage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My Lord, for your many courteſies, I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother the baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*; you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent Lady. For my Lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet, and 'till then peace be with him! [*Ex.* Bene.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice.*

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay my brother was fled?

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Dogb. Come you, Sir, if Juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, if you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio* one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my Lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report, moreover they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a Lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt. I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly,

I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned Conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments, how they diſgrac'd her when you ſhould marry her; my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and, maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

SCENE V. *Enter* Leonato, *and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave that with thy breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent child ?

Bora. Even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain, thou bely'ſt thy ſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death ;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak : chuſe your revenge your ſelf,
Expoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin ; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I ;
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoyn me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible ; but I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd ; and if your love
Can labour ought in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to-night :
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew ; my brother hath a daughter
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us,
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir !
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me :
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs; I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment; and alſo the Watch heard them talk of one *Deformed:* they ſay he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows mony in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which I beſeech your Worſhip to correct your ſelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords, we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret,*
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI. Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs *Margaret,* deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, *Margaret*, that no man living ſhall come over it; for in moſt comely truth thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep above ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice*; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve*, I mean in ſinging; but in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd, I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt,

Bene.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart I think; alas poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in that confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtrance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my ſelf; ſo much for praiſing my ſelf; who I my ſelf will bear witneſs is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me how doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Urſula.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and

Don *John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of *Leonato?*

Atten. It is, my Lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lyes:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, thou assist our moan,
Help us thou to sigh and groan
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, oh, yawn and yield your dead!
Until death be uttered
Heavily, heavily!

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

Pedro.

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.
Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeeds
Than this, for which we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you come hither maſk'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I'th' ſtate of honourable marriage,
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince, good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope.*

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit.* Ant.

Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
That you have such a *February* face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

SCENE XI. *Enter* Antonio *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Ursula, *mask'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why then she's mine; sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife. [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero?*

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And surely as I live I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero* that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualifie.

When

When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chappel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is *Beatrice?*

Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why then your uncle and the Prince, and *Claudio*
Have been deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my couſin, *Margaret* and *Urſula*
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would now deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion, and partly to ſave your life; for as I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*

Pedro. How doſt thou, *Benedick*, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: doſt thou think I care for a ſatyr, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him; in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it;

and

and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruiſed, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldſt have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queſtion thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore play, muſick. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to *Meſſina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to-morrow: I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him. Strike up, Pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

V.2. *Merchant of Venice.* 8.

THE MERCHANT OF *VENICE.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of* Venice.
MOROCHIUS, *a* Mooriſh *Prince*, } *Suiters to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
ANTHONIO, *the Merchant of* Venice.
BASSANIO, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
SALANIO, }
SOLARINO, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, *in love with* Jeſſica.
SHYLOCK, *a* Jew.
TUBAL, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
LAUNCELOT, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
GOBBO, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.
LEONARDO, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to* Portia.

PORTIA, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
NERISSA, *Confident to* Portia.
JESSICA, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Servants to* Portia, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

THE

Merchant of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anth. IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ——
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my ſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean.
There where your Argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch ventures forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes aboard. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind,
Prying in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear

Miſfortune

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.
Sal. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy Arg'ſie dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.
Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
Sola. Why then you are in love.
Anth. Fie, fie, away!
Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you're merry,
'Cauſe you're not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano

Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*;
A ſtage where every man muſt play his part;
And mine's a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter; ſo let wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in *Alabaſter*?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,

For ſaying nothing; who I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools. *
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this Opinion.
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Grat. *and Lor.*

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice*: his reaſons are two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now what lady is this ſame
To whom you ſwore this ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: to you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in mony, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
T'unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,

* Alluding to what is ſaid in the Goſpel, that *Whoſoever ſhall ſay to his brother, Thou fool, ſhall be in danger of Hell-fire.*

How

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Anth. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it,
And if it ſtand, as you your ſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth, by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.
Anth. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeak.
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometime from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s Daughter, *Brutus*' *Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her Temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* ſtrond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means

To hold a rival-place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch * thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I mony, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*:
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where mony is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Belmont.

Three Caſkets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. By my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no ſmall happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, and competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches, and poor mens cottages Princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a huſband: O me, the word chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:

* Thrift, *for* thriving.

is

is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no noubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of the princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nam'ſt them I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a dolt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then there is the Count *Palatine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe: he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping Philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Boun!*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; but he! why he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*, he is every man in no man; if a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhould never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands

ſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French* nor *Italian*, and you may come into the court and ſwear that I have a poor penny-worth in the *Engliſh*. He is a proper man's picture, but alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how odly he is ſuited! I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scottiſh* lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the *Engliſh-man*, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt; and, the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary caſket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuſe it. I will do any thing *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit, unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time,

a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, he was ſo called.

Ner. True, madam; he of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his maſter will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good a heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come *Neriſſa*. Sirrah go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth

fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailers but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pyrates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into? I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto*; who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio.*

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!
I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out mony *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation, and he rails
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls Intereſt. Curſed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. *Shylock*, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior, [*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. *Shylock*, although I neither lend nor borrow

By

By taking, nor by giving of exceſs.
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend
I'll break a cuſtom.——Is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.
Anth. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot three months, he told me ſo;
Well then your bond: and let me ſee, but hear you,
Me thought you ſaid you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Anth. I do never uſe it.
Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his father *Laban*'s ſheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.
Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
Shy. No, not take int'reſt, not as you would ſay
Directly int'reſt; mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd
That all the yeanlings which were ſtreak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire; the ewes being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
Then when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.
Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio?*
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.

An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a godly outſide falſhood hath!

Shy. Three thouſand ducats! 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Anth. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug,
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gabardine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have Monies; you ſay ſo,
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold: mony is your ſuit:
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog mony? is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this: fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take
A * breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

* Breed of metal, *meaning mony at uſury*, mony that breeds more-
The old editions (two of 'em) have it, A bribe of barren metal---
Shy.

Shy. Why how you ſtorm ?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
This ſure is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow ;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.

Anth. Content, in faith, I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſs in the *Jew.*

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why fear not, man, I will not forfeit it ;
Within theſe two months, (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what theſe chriſtians are !
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others ! pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip :
If he will take it, ſo ; if not adieu ;
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait,
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew.*
The *Hebrew* will turn christian, he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont.

Enter Morochius *a Tawny-Moor all in white, and three or four Followers accordingly, with* Portia, Nerissa, *and her train. Flo. Cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complection,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing.
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will to yield my self
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Your self, renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.
Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy and a *Persian* Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look, Out-

Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his Page,
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore bring me to my chance.

Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. Certainly my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this *Jew* my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; ſaying to me, *Gobbo*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away. My conſcience ſays no; take heed, honeſt *Launcelot*, take heed, honeſt *Gobbo*, or as aforeſaid, honeſt *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run, ſcorn running with thy heels. Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack, *via* ſays the fiend, away ſays the fiend, for the heav'ns rouſe up a brave mind, ſays the fiend, and run. Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me, my honeſt friend *Launcelot*, being an honeſt man's ſon, or rather an honeſt woman's ſon—— for indeed my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kind of taſte.——well, my conſcience ſays, budge not; budge, ſays the fiend; budge not, ſays my conſcience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I,

you counſel ill. To be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf. Certainly the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than ſand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to maſter *Jews*'s?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot*, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?* (mark me now, now will I raiſe the waters;) talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. No maſter, Sir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot.*

Gob. Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo maſter *Launcelot*; talk not of maſter *Launcelot*, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and

ſuch

ſuch branches of learning,) is indeed deceaſed, or, as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon, give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed. I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own fleſh and blood: lord worſhip'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward, I am ſure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew*: give him a

preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed gives rare new liveriēs; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew* if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves that I would beſtow upon your worſhip, and my ſuit is ——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit; *Shylock*, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well,* if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table——which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, *I ſhall have good fortune*——go to, here's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmall trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man! and then to 'ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye. [*Ex.* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this;
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

SCENE III. *Enter* Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio!*

Baſſ. Signior *Gratiano!*

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. Nay, you muſt not deny me, I muſt go
With you to *Belmont.*

Baſſ. Why then you muſt: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain

* Looking on his own hand.

T' allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit, leſt through thy wild behaviour
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with mine hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen;
Uſe all th' obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'm ſorry thou wilt leave my father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs;
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
And, *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu: tears exhibit my tongue, moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adieu, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,

To

To be asham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time, disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furnish us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot *with a letter.*

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper that it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the *Jew* to sup to-night with my new master the christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will not fail her, speak it privately.
Go, gentlemen, will you prepare for th' mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it strait.

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano*
At *Gratiano*'s lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jessica?*

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she has directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If

If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew!*
Come, go with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio.*
What, *Jeſſica!* —— thou ſhall not gormandize
As thou haſt done with me —— what, *Jeſſica!* ——
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, *Jeſſica!* I ſay.

Laun. Why, *Jeſſica!*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me I could do nothing withour bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica,*
There are my keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian. *Jeſſica,* my girl,
Look to my houſe, I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of mony-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go, my young maſter doth expect your approach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a maſk, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a-clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What are theſe maſks? hear you me, *Jeſſica,*
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,

Nor

Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob*'s ſtaff I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah:
Say I will come.

Laun. Sir, I will go before.
Miſtreſs, look out at a window for all this,
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs*' eye. [*Exit.* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, farewel, miſtreſs, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find,*
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faſter *Venus*' pidgeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,

Are

Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo:* more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows
But you, *Lorenzo,* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves good-ſooth are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once——
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild my ſelf

With

With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew.*
Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily,
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelf;
And therefore like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.
Re-enter Jeſſica.
What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our maſking mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit, with* Jeſſica.
Enter Anthonio.
Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio!*
Antho. Fie, *Gratiano,* where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a-clock, our friends all ſtay for you;
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.
No maſk to-night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard.
Gra. I'm glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Belmont.

Enter Portia *with* Morochius *and both their trains.*
Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſev'ral caſkets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caſkets are diſcover'd.*
Mor. The firſt of gold, which this inſcription bears,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what mamy men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chuſe the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince,
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me ſee,
I will ſurvey th' inſcriptions back again;
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.

Muſt give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs,
I'll then not give nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſays the ſilver with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves? pauſe there, *Morochius*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand;
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve? —— why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hircanian* deſerts and the vaſtie wilds
Of wide *Arabia* are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia*.
One of theſe three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought: it were too groſs
To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought, never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold! they have in *England*
A coin that bears the figure of an angel

Stampel

Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt *upon*:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd,
Fare you well, your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewel, heat; and welcome, frost:
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains, go;
Let all of his complexion chuse me so! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Venice.*

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along,
And in their ship I'm sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio*'s ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was giv'n to understand
That in a *Gondola* were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*:
Besides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter!
Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence that it were not his.
Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.
Sola. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.

Sal.

Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Belmont.*

Enter Neriſſa *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,
The Prince of *Arragon* hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train*, Portia. *Flor. Cornets. The Caſkets are diſcover'd.*

Por. Behold there ſtands the caſkets, noble Prince;
If you chuſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t'obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire——that may be meant
Of the full multitude that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pryes not to th' interior: like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;

And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
A key for this; I will aſſume deſert,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

[*Unlocking the ſilver caſket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes and my deſervings?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſev'n times tried this,
Sev'n times tried that judgment is
That did never chuſe amiſs.
Some there be that ſhadows kiſs,
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:

With

With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth:
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chuſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy,
Hanging and wiving go by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Neriſſa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly,

Ner. Baſſanio, lord Love! if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *Enter* Salanio *and* Solarino.

Sola. NOW, what news on the *Ryalto?*

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the *Goodwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lie bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip *Report* be an honeſt weman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband. But it is true without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why, the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my part knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalto*, a beggar that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend mony for a chriſtian courteſie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd

hinder'd me half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame ſummer and winter as a chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua?* haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Frankfort!* the curſe never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O, would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, ſo! and I know not what ſpent in the ſearch! why then loſs upon loſs; the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge,

nor

nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o'my ſhoulders, no ſighs but o'my breathing, no tears but o'my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua*——

Shy. What, what, ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcap'd the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua*?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tormenteſt me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our ſynagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Belmont.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants.*

The caſkets are ſet out.

Por. I pray you, tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me, but it is not love,
I would not loſe you; and, you know your ſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.

But

But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn;
So will I never be; ſo may you miſs me,
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And ſo tho' yours, not yours; but prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not me.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love?

Baſſ. None but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs and love
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then. I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound while he doth make his choice;
Then if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,

Fading

Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

[*Muſick within.*

A Song whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

[Reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring fancy's knell,
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves:
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? in religion
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?

There

There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearcht, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but * valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull, that bred them, in the ſepulcher.
Thus Ornament is but the gilded ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* † dowdy; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatneſt than doſt promiſe ought;
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here chuſe I, joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
Be moderate, love! allay thy ecſtaſie;
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing; make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden caſket.*

Baſſ. What do I find here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine

Seem

* That is, *a beard.*

† The word *dowdy* is uſed again in *Rom.* and *Jul.*

Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar'd breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave it ſelf * unfurniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underpriſing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave, [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee, my lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich, that, to ſtand high in your account,

* *That is,* not furniſh'd with another eye.

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of nothing, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governour, her King:
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. I but now was Lady
Of this fair manſion, miſtreſs of my ſervants,
Queen o'er my ſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where every ſomething, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good joy; good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from * me:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you
Ev'n at that time I may be marry'd too.

* *That is*, diſtinct from me and my wiſhes.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou can'ſt get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd; for intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſket there,
And ſo did mine too as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.
Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa?*
Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.
Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand [ducats.
Ner. What, and ſtake down?
Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio?*

SCENE III. *Enter* Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo and *Salanio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have pow'r to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and country-men
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord; they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour: for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives him a letter.*
Baſſ. Ere I ope this letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind:
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Baſſanio *opens the letter.*

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger. Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For indeed
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear friend;
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper is the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Liſbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent mony to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port have all perſuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por. What ſum owes he the *Jew*?

Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My

My maid *Neriſſa* and myſelf mean time
Will live as maids and widows: come away,
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day.*
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. *Sweet* Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince in paying it it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.

Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. Goaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out mony *gratis*.
Goaler, look to him.

Anth. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I've ſworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee ſpeak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur

* ---- your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear,
But let me hear, &c.

That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs pray'rs:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate.
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Belmont.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity, which appears ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,

How

How little is the coſt I have beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty!
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things;
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return.
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this impoſition,
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lay upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelf.
So fare you well 'till we ſhall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jeſ. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, *Jeſſica*.
[*Exe.* Jeſ. & Lor.
Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Padua*; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor *Bellario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice*: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Por.

Por. Come on, *Neriſſa*, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, *Neriſſa*; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride, and ſpeak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard-hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun.

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard-hope indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband, he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my huſband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commou-wealth; for in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* ſhould be *more* than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon a word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun.

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how far'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life.
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: firſt let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.

Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *Enter the* Duke, *the Senators,* Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano.

Duke. WHat, is *Anthonio* here?

Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I'm ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſs of ſpirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo hudled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew*.

Shy.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that.
But ſay, it is my humour; is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it bane'd? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat?
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.*
Maſterleſs paſſion ſways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmleſs neceſſary cat,
Why he a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
T'excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you, think you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,

* *That is*, they are ſo affected with it.

When

When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes and your dogs and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands: you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law,
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*:
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; what, man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.
Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

SCENE II.

Enter Neriſſa *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?*
Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
[*The* Jew *whetting his knife on the ſole of his ſhoe.*
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And whil'ſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place:

Mean

Mean time the court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

Your Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, *his name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſie between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryal ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew?*

Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylock?*

Shy. *Shylock* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anthonio.

Anth. Ay, ſo he ſays.

Por. Do you confeſs the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd,

It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings,
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly pow'r doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the mony?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the ſame example
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend doctor, here it is.

Por.

Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy mony offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice.*
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy mony, bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
Anth. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?

Anth. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf;
But life it ſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome pow'r to change this curriſh *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands. I've a daughter;
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her huſband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We triſle time, I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy.

Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But in the cutting it if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice.*
Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*; O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*; a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the mony.
Por. The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft! no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs nor more
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel,* a *Daniel, Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the *Jew* pauſe? take the forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have meerly juſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew,* for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por.

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, *Jew.*

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it?
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry, *Jew,*
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice,*
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive
Shall ſeize on half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formally by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy ſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for *Anthonio.*

Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio?*

Gra. A halter *gratis,* nothing elſe for God's ſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine from one half of his goods,

I am

I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Until his death unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, *Jew?* what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace's pardon;
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I'm ſorry that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke *and his train.*

SCENE III.

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thouſand ducats due unto the *Jew*
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And ſtand indebted over and above
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I deliv'ring you am ſatisfy'd;
And therein do account my ſelf well paid;

My

My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake,
And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame my ſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Baſſ. There's more on this depends than is the value.
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife;
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exit, with* Neriſſa.

Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings and my love withal
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte. [*Exit.* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently,

And

And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*To* Portia.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing.
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them and out-ſwear them too.
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lor. THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night
Troylus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thiſbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew,
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand

Upon

Upon the wild ſea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to *Carthage.*

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the inchanted herbs
That did renew old *Æſon.*

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew,*
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice,*
As far as *Belmont.*

Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica* (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Meſ. A friend.

Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Meſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Meſ. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica,*
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenza?* ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignifie, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand,
And bring your muſick forth into the air. [*Ex. Meſſenger.*
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtilneſs, and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica*; look how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls!
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn,
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick.

Jeſ. I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſick.

Muſick.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze
By the ſweet power of muſick. Thus the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
And is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted——Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Until a King be by; and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick, hark! [*Muſick.*

Ner. It is the muſick, Madam, of your houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, Madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection!
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd! [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia.*

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our huſbands healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their coming.

Por.

Por. Go, *Neriſſa.*
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jeſſica*, nor you. [*A tucket ſounds.*
Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.
Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*
Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all! you're welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, Madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
Gra. By yonder moon I ſwear you do me wrong;
In faith I gave it to the Judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart!
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a kniſe; *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talk you of the poeſie or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.

Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift,
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the ring defending it.
Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor maſter would take ought
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours 'till I again ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.
Baſſ. No, by mine honour, Madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you,
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Anth. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelf——
Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf,
In each eye one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!
Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your huſband's ring [*To* Portia.
Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Anth. Here, lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heav'n it is the ſame I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*:
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the doctor,
Neriſſa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo* here
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet

Inter'd

Enter'd my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I have better news in ſtore for you
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find, three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo?*
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I'm ſure you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there on interrogatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt interrogatory,
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed, now being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.*

BOYET, MACARD, } *Lords attending upon the Princess of* France.

Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical* Spaniard.

NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.

Princess of FRANCE.

ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*

JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

Officers and others Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

* Love's Labour's loſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville *and* Dumain.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs †;
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall 'bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force;
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world,
Our court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain* and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſchedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:

If

* In this Play are to be perceived ſeveral ſtrokes of *Shakeſpear*'s pen, but the whole ought by no means to paſs for the work of it.

† ---- brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When, ſpight of &c.

If you are arm'd to do as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.
Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three years' faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.
Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.
Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years:
But there are other ſtrict obſervances;
As, not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.
King. Your oath is paſt to paſs away from theſe.
Biron. Let me ſay no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years ſpace.
Long. You ſwore to that, *Biron*, and to the reſt.
Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.
King. Why, that to know which elſe we ſhould not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.
King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.
Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;

As

As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſly am fore-bid;
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be this, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay no.
King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain, but that moſt vain
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To ſeek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſely blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So ere you find where light in darkneſs lyes,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill let's grow the weeding.
Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhime.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Biron. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At *Chriſtmas* I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in *May*'s new-fangled earth:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe t'unlock the little gate.

King. Well, ſit you out. Go home, *Biron*: Adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame,
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!

Biron. *Item*, That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court. [*Reading.*
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue: [*Reading.*
Who deviſ'd this penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility!

Item, [*reading.*] If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.
This article, my liege, your ſelf muſt break;
For well you know here comes in embaſſy
The *French* King's daughter, with your ſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and compleat majeſty,

About

About ſurrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſs hither.
King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
King. We muſt of force diſpenſe with this decree,
She muſt lye here on mere neceſſity.
Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace;
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on meer neceſſity.
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But, is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is; our court you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new faſhions planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpires of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny *Spain* loſt in the world's debate;
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſie.

Biron. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own Knight.

Long. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And ſo to ſtudy, three years are but ſhort.

SCENE II. *Enter* Dull *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own perſon?

Biron. This, fellow; what wouldſt?

Dull. I my ſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having; God grant us patience!

Biron. To bear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the Manor.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner, and form, following, Sir; all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: It is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King.

King reads. *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of* Navarre, *my soul's earth's God, and body's fostring patron*———

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

King. *So it is*——

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace———

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words———

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. *So it is. Besieged with sable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook my self to walk: The time when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where; It standeth north north east and by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minow of thy mirth,*———

Cost. Me.

King. *That unletter'd small-knowing soul,*——

Cost. Me.

King. *That shallow vassal,*——

Cost. Still me.

King. *Which, as I remember, hight* Costard,——

Cost. O me!

King. *Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with*——*with*—*O with*—*but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Cost. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother* Eve, *a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the*

meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.*

Dull Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you: I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence: you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper. My lord *Biron,* ſee him deliver'd o'er,
And go we, lords to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. [*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no, O lord Sir, no.

Arm. How canſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile?*

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior? why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender *Juvenile?* why tender *Juvenile?*

Arm. I ſpoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt.

Moth.

Moth. He ſpeaks contrary, croſſes * love not him. [*Aſide.*

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three years with the King.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gameſter.

Arm. I confeſs both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Moth. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? now here's three ſtudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing-horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*Aſide.*

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs I am in love; and as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner, and ranſom him to any *French* courtier for a new deviſ'd curt'ſie. I think it ſcorn to ſigh, methinks I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* More authority, dear boy, name more: and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon!* I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in car-

* *Meaning*, Money.

carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſon*'s love, my dear *Moth?*

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complection?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complection?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complections?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and mother's tongue aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and pathetical.

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown;
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither anſwer the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the irrational hind *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well ——

Moth.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter deſerves. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company be paſt.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Coſtard, Dull, *and* Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the King's pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park, ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray my ſelf with bluſhing: maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta,* away. [*Exeunt.*

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope when I do it I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir, I will be faſt being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee —

Moth.

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exit* Moth *with* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great argument of falſhood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*' club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal God of rhime, for I am ſure I ſhall turn ſonneteer. Deviſe, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's *palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *Lords and other attendants.*

Boyet. NOW, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits.
Conſider whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Your ſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the plea of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you are willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker; good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt moving fair ſollicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Lord. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feaſt,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.

Mar. In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none that come within his power.

Prin.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord belike; is't ſo?
Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.
Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth.
Of all, that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt powerful to do harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanzon*'s once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw
Is my report to his great worthineſs.
Roſ. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him: but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſs my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?
Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes *Navarre*.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to th' court of *Navarre.*

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord, he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord;
Not ſin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill becometh me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know you did.

Roſ. How needleſs was it then to aſk the queſtion?

Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Roſ. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Roſ. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time a day?

Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.

Biron. Now fair befall your maſk!

Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And ſend you many lovers!

Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none!

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But, ſay that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty:
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns, and not demands,
On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the mony by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of *Charles* his father.

King. Satisfie me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates,
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires comfort your Grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place. [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan *. [*Exit.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that ſame?

Boyet. The heir of *Alanſon*, *Roſaline* her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beſeech you, a word: what is ſhe in white †?

Boyet.

* --- heard it groan.
Roſ. Is the ‡ fool ſick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Roſ. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Wou'd that do it good?
Roſ. My phyſick ſays ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Roſ. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Biron. Now God ſave thy life!
Roſ. And yours from long living.
Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, *&c.*

† --- ſhe in white?
Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whoſe daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended,
She is an, *&c.*

‡ *Soul.*

Boyet. She is an heir of *Faulconbridge.**
Long. She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir, that may be.† [*Exit* Long.
If my obſervation (which very ſeldom lies)
Of the heart's ſtill rhetoric, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.**
* --- *Faulconbridge.*
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is, *&c.*
† --- that may be.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. *Catharine* by good hap.
Biron. Is ſhe wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir, adieu.
Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you [*Exit* Biron.
Mar. That laſt is *Biron*, the merry mad cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep (ſweet lamb) unleſs we feed on your lips.
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but gentles agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my, *&c.*
** --- is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boyet. Why all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart like an agat with your print impreſſed;
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed;
His tongue all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair;
Methought all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in chryſtal for ſome Prince to buy;
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glaſt,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſt;

Roſ. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeakeſt ſkilfully.
Mar. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.
Roſ. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then? do you ſee?
Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PARK.

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

SONG.

Arm. WArble, child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.
Moth. *Concolinel*—— [*Singing.*
Arm. Sweet air! go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give inlargement to the ſwain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.
Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?
Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in *French?*
Moth. No, my compleat maſter, but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometimes through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe like o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſt on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are 'compliſhments

His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.
Prin. Come to our pavilion, *Boyet* is diſpos'd----
Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words which his eye hath diſclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Roſ. Thou art, *&c.*

'compliſhments, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make them men of note, (do you note me?) that moſt are affected to theſe.

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obſervation.

Arm. But O, but O ——

Moth. *The hobby-horſe is forgot.* *

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love a hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her; *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter, or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetorick!

He

* The burthen of an old ſong.

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;
By thy favour ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II. *Enter* Moth *and* Coſtard *.

I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this

* ---- *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle; come, thy *l'envoy* begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, in the male, Sir, O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter, thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me, my ſtars! doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a ſalve?

Moth. Do the wiſe think them other, is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; ſay the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; I, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly. *Coſt.*

ſignificant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. —— [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I. Signior *Coſtard*, adieu! [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my ink-horn, adieu! now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration: What's the price of this incle? a penny: No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than a French-crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

SCENE III. *Enter* Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip; God be with you!

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty. Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give, *&c.* *Biron.*

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; aſk for her,
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon, O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon,——remuneration.——
[*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I,
Forſooth, in love! I that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to an amorous ſigh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimp'ring, whining, purblind wayward boy,
This ſenior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of ſighs and groans:
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours, like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love! I ſue! what? I ſeek a wife!
A woman! that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to love the worſt of all!
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes,
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!

To

To pray for her! go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan.* [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. WAS that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Prin. Who-e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch,
On *Saturday* we will return to *France.*
Then, Forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hard by, upon the edge of yonder coppice,
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot. *

* ---- the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, Madam, for I meant not so

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say no? }
O short liv'd pride! not fair? alack for wo!

For. Yes, Madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in fair, fit for these days,
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet

Enter Coſtard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth. *

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur *Biron*, to one lady *Roſaline.*

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aſide, good bearer. *Boyet*, you can carve,
Break up this capon.†

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta.*

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

By heav'n, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth it ſelf, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it ſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly ſay, *veni*, *vidi*, *vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, ſaw, and overcame; he came, one, ſaw, two, overcame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To

Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf ſovereignty
Only for praiſe' ſake when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues her lord.

Enter Coſtard.

* ----- common-wealth

Coſt. God dig-you-den all, pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt? it is ſo, truth is truth.
An your waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe maids girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have, *&c.*

† Meaning the letter, as *poulet* in French ſignifies both a *chicken* and a *love letter.*

whom

whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he; the beggar. Whom overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory; on whoſe ſide? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial: on whoſe ſide; the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thy ſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter? What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court, A phantaſme, a mammúccio, and one that makes ſport To the Prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord *Berowne*, a good maſter of mine, To a lady of *France* that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away. Here, ſweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day *.

[*Exeunt.*

* ----another day.

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

SCENE II. [*Shoot within.*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent ſport truly, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis* in blood, ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cælo* the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on.

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Roſ. If we chooſe by horns, your ſelf; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Q. *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou canſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.
An I cannot, another can. [*Exit.* Roſ.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark, O, mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'th' bow hand, i'faith your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain, a moſt ſimple clown.
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armado o'th' one ſide, O, a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:
And his page o'th' other ſide that handful of wit,
Ah, heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical nit,
Sowle, ſowle! *Nath.*

Nath. Truly, maſter *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhew as it were his inclination after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;
And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,
For thoſe parts which we taſte and feel do fructifie in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hel. Dictynna, good-man *Dull*; *Dictynna*, good-man *Dull.*

Dull. What is *Dictynna?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon.*

Hol. The moon was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And raught not to five weeks when he came to fiveſcore.
Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prickt
A pretty pleaſing pricket.
Some ſay a ſore, but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell, put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket-ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore to ſore, then L to ſore,
Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

SCENE III. *Enter* Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon *. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from Don *Armatho*. I beſeech you, read it. [Nathaniel *reads to himſelf.*

Hol. *Fauſte precor gelidâ quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ ruminat*, and ſo forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan* †, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Venegia, Venegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not. *ut re ſol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his—What! my ſoul! verſes!

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Theſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice,
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that Soul, that ſees thee without wonder:
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder;
Which not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.

* ---- maſter parſon.

Hol. Maſter parſon, *quaſi* perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol Of piercing a hogſhead, a good cluſter of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter, *&c.*

† He means *Baptiſta Spagnolus*, ſurnamed *Mantuanus* from the place of his birth, a Writer of Poems who lived towards the end of the fifteenth Century.

Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings the heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apoſtrophes*, and ſo miſs the accent. Let me ſuperviſe the canzonet. ——Here are only numbers ratify'd; but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſie, *caret*: *Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why indeed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *imitari* is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tir'd horſe his rider: but, *Damoſella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monſieur *Biron*, one of the ſtrange Queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous lady* Roſaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the perſon written unto.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally or by the way of progreſſion hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go, my ſweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; ſtay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu

Jaq. Good *Coſtard*, go with me, Sir, God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe.* Coſt. *aud* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verſes; did they pleaſe you, Sir *Nathaniel?*

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit or invention. I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, [*To* Dull.] I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courſing my ſelf. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile, a foul word: well, ſit thee down, ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, * and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills ſheep, it kills me; I a ſheep, well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not [*Reading.*
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep;

No

* See p. 283.

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew;
But do not love thy ſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The King ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville!* and reading! liſten, ears!

Biron. Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.

Long. Ay me! I am forſworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know,
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my love.
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hoſe:
Diſfigure not his ſlop.

Long. This ſame ſhall go. [*He reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,

Ex-

Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes fleſh a deity:
A green gooſe a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend us, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this! (company?) ſtay.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a Demy-god, here ſit I in the ſky:
And wretched fools ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye:
More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh,
Dumain is transform'd; four woodcocks in a diſh.

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate!*

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Dum. Thou heav'n! the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal, there you lie. [*Aſide.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aſide.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop I ſay,
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Dum. O that I had my wiſh!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aſide.*

King. And mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine. Is not that a good word? [*Aſide.*

Dum I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion. [*Aſide.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whoſe month is ever May,

Spy'd

Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves, the wind
All unſeen can paſſage find,
That the lover ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet!
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee.
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear*
Juno *but an Ethiope were,*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain:
O, would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! ill to example ill
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*Coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.

King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch,
[*Coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria? Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile?
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart?
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.

Ay,

Ay me! ſays one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your love would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*Coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that are moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain Princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis an hateful thing;
Tuſh; none but minſtrels like of ſonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a gnat!
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg!
And *Neſtor* play at puſhpin with the boys,
And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breaſt.
A caudle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in,

I am

I am betray'd by keeping company
With vain-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye.
A gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lackt me fool to make up the meſs.
He, he and you: and you, my Liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.

O,

O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true, we are four:
Will theſe turtles be gone?
King. Hence, Sirs, hence, away!
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaq.
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us imbrace:
As true we are as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heav'n will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon,
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty
Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot,
A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy,

O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full ſo black.
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell;
The hue of dungeons, and the ſtole of night.
Biron. And beauty's dreſs becomes the heavens well.
Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurped hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-ſweepers black?
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright?
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexions crack?
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light,
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſht away.
King. 'Twere good yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſht to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love, my foot and her face ſee.
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were too much dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lyes
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat, and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum.

Dum. Ay marry there, ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil?
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury!
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, affection's Men at arms;
Conſider what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy (Lords)
In that each of you hath forſworn his book,
Can you ſtill dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes.
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire:
Why, univerſal plodding poiſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes,
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our ſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelves we ſee in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords,
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery notions as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other flow'arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?*
Subtle as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair?
And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Makes heaven drowſie with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world,
Elſe none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that moves all men;
Or for men's ſake, the author of theſe women;
Or womens ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity itſelf fulfills the law;

And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid*, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell mell, down with them: but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay theſe gloſſes by,
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of *France?*

King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. Firſt from the park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs; in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons! ſowed cockle reaps no corn,
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

Hol. Satis quod ſufficit.

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet!

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth not the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe companions, ſuch rackers of orthography, as do ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when be ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which he would call abhominable, it inſinuateth to me of inſanie: *Ne intelligis, Domine,* to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone? bone* for *benè*; *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd, 'twill ſerve.

SCENE II. *Enter* Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *Videſne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-baſket of words. I marvel thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B ſpelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis,* thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I——

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm.

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true-wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*, a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhould'ſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go to, thou haſt it *ad dunghil*, at the finger's ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe latin, *dunghil* for *unguem.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do *ſans queſtion.*

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſs at her pavilion, in the *poſterior* of this day which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you, Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do aſſure ye, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it paſs——I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſie——I beſeech thee, apparel thy head, and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too——but let that paſs, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but, ſweet heart,

heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to *Armado* a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs—the very all of all is—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy—that the King would have me preſent the Princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies. Sir, [*To* Nathaniel] as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the *poſterior* of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtance at the King's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned gentleman, before the Princeſs: I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, your ſelf; this gallant gentleman, *Judas Machabeus*; this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs for *Pompey* the great; and the page, *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: ſo if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; well done, *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the ſnake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to know it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three my ſelf.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while. *Dull.*

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Holl. Allons, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt *Dull,* honeſt *Dull,* to our ſport away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhime,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid*'s name.

Roſ. That was the way to make his god-head wax,
For he hath been five hundred years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him, he kill'd your ſiſter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll mar the light by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Roſ. Look what you do, you do it ſtill i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Roſ. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon; for paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, *Roſaline,* you have a favour too,
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great, be witneſs this.

Nay,

Nay, I have verſes too, I thank *Biron.*
The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Roſ. Ware pencils, * ho! let me not die your debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter!
O that your face were not ſo full of Oes!

Cath. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews.

Prin. But, *Catharine*, what was ſent you from *Dumain?*

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?

Cath. Yes, Madam, that he did; and ſent moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.

Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent *Longaville.*
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no leſs; doſt thou not wiſh in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?

Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.

Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts,
So † portent-like would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate. ‡

Prin.

* Meaning to check *Catharine* for her painting, pencil being a painting bruſh.

† *Portents* have been always look'd upon not only as the *tokens* and *ſignals*, but the *inſtruments* alſo of *Deſtiny*.

‡ See a note in *Meaſ. for Meaſ.* Act. 3. Sc. 1.

Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly in wiſdom hatch'd
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Roſ. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power therefore it doth apply,
To prove by wit worth in ſimplicity.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter, where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, *Boyet?*
Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to ſaint *Cupid*; what are they
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.
Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an angel ſhalt thou ſee,
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, an angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.

With

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly with paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do, and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court and dance,
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs, which they'll know
By favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſkt:
For, ladies, we will every one be maſkt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold, *Roſaline*; this favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your favours too, ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.

Roſ. Come on then, wear the favours moſt in ſight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet
With viſages diſplay'd to talk and greet.

Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot,

Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mockt, depart away with ſhame. [*Sound.*
Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſkt, the maſkers come.

SCENE V. *Enter the King*, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and attendants, diſguis'd like* Muſcovites. Moth *with Muſick, as for a maſquerade.*

Moth. *All hail the richeſt beauties on the earth!*
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. *A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,*
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.
Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.*
Out——
Boyet. True; out indeed.
Moth. *Out of your favours, heav'nly ſpirits, vouchſafe*
Not to behold.
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. *Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes*——
With your ſun-beamed eyes——
Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet:
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.
Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, *Boyet*,
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. Why, that they have, and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with you on the graſs.
Boyet. They ſay, they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on the graſs.
Roſ. It is not ſo. Aſk them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Biron. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boyet. She hears her ſelf.
Roſ. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter:
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play, muſick, then; nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet? no dance: thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſ. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands, we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then?
Roſ. Only to part friends. Curt'ſie

Curt'ſie, ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize your ſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo, adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmſey; well run, dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall's bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady.
Mar. Say you ſo? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
Cath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.
Cath. O for your reaſon! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizard half.
Cath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Cath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Cath. No, I'll not be your half;

Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt your ſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.

Cath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you ere I die.

Cath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen,
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.

Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff.

King. Farewell, mad wenches, you have ſimple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muſcovites.*
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puft out.

Roſ. Well-liking wits they have, groſs, groſs, fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, ſhew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Roſ. O! they were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No point, quoth I; my ſervant ſtrait was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longaville* ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!

Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love ſworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And *Longaville* was for my ſervice born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine as ſure as bark on tree.

Boyet

Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in the ſummer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. Fair ladies maſkt are roſes in their bud:
Diſmaſkt, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing * clouds, or roſes blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what ſhall we do,
If they return'd in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be adviſ'd,
Let's mock them ſtill as well known as diſguiſ'd,
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguiſ'd like *Muſcovites* in ſhapeleſs gear:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tents to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land. [*Exe.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their own habits:* Boyet *meeting them.*

King. Fair Sir, God ſave you! Where's the Princeſs?
Boyet. Gone to her tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:

* *Vailing* here is to be diſtinguiſh'd from *veiling*, and carries the ſame ſenſe as in the phraſe *vailing a bonnet*, that is, *putting off*, I wering, ſinking down.

And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve.*
He can carve too, and liſp: why this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and in uſhering
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs as he treads on them kiſs his feet.
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white, as whale his bone.
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet.*

King. A blifter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put *Armado*'s page out of his part!

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and attendants.**

King. We come to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court, vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye makes break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:

So

* ---- *attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou?
'Till this mad-man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet madam; and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come, *&c.*

So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſit'd, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord, it is not ſo I ſwear,
We have had paſtimes here and pleaſant game.
A meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
King. How, Madam? *Ruſſians?*
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſ. Madam, ſpeak truth. It is not ſo, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In *Ruſſian* habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye——
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried, they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?

Roſ.

Roſ. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from *Muſcovy.*
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, lady, dart thy ſkill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime like a blind harper's ſong;
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation.
I do forſwear them, and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes:
And to begin, wench, (ſo God help me, law!)
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans ſans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee,
Write *Lord have mercy on us,* and thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies,
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.
Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for your ſelves, my wit is at an end.

King

King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but even now diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
King. Deſpiſe me when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it. *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith, and this to th' Princeſs I did give,
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my dear.
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To diſh it like a *Chriſtmas* comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*
That ſmiles his cheek in fleers, and knows the trick

To

To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours, and then we
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn in will and error:
Much upon this it is. And might not you [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd,
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boyet. Full merrily,
Brave manager, hath this career been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No, Sir, but it is very fine;
For every one preſents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir, I hope it is not ſo.
You cannot beg us, Sir, I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice, Sir ——

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am

as

as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us; let them not approach.

[*Exit* Cost.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the King and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That sport best pleases that doth least know how.
Where zeal strives to content, and the content
Dies in the zeal of that it doth present;
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical: too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: he presents *Hector* of *Troy*; the swain, *Pompey* the Great; the parish-curate, *Alexander*; *Armado*'s page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*;
And if these four worthies in their first shew thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first shew.

King.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.
A bare throw at *novem*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Coſtard *for* Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey *am.*

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Coſt. I Pompey *am.*

Boyet. With *Libbard*'s head on knee.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker;
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey *am*, Pompey *ſurnam'd the Big.*

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is great, Sir; Pompey, *ſurnam'd the Great*;
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield,
Did make my foe to ſweat:
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay, thanks, *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey.*

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but I hope I was perfect.
I made a little fault in *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*
By eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My eſcutcheon plain declares that I am Aliſander.

Biron. Your noſe ſays no, you are not; for it ſtands not right.

Biron. Your noſe ſmells no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmaid: proceed, good *Alexander.*

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, *Aliſander.*

Biron. Pompey the Great!

Coſt.

Coſt. Your ſervant and *Coſtard.*

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the conqueror. [*To* Nath.] You will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax ſitting on a cloſeſtool, will be given to *Ajax*; * he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, *Aliſander.* There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man, an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Aliſander*, alas, you ſee, how he's a little o'er-parted: but there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good *Pompey.*

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd *Cerberus* the three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A *Judas.*

Hol. Not *Iſcariot*, Sir,
Judas *I am*, *ycleped* Machabeus.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas.*

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you, *Judas.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

* A ridicule upon the Arms given to *Alexander* in the Hiſtory of the nine Worthies; and it ends in a wretched quibble upon the words *Ajax* and *A jakes.*

Boyet. A cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.
Boyet. The pummel of *Cæſar*'s faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.
Biron. St. *George*'s half cheek in a broch.
Dum. Ay, and in a broch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer; And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. Falſe, we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion we would do ſo.
Boyet. Therefore as he is an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet *Jude*; nay, why doſt thou ſtay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monſieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.
Prin. Alas, poor *Machabeus!* how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.
Dum. Tho' my mocks come home to me, I will now be merry.
King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Hector?*
King. I think *Hector* was not ſo clean timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.
Biron. This can't be *Hector*.
Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces.
Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a gift.*
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.

Long.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty,*
Gave Hector *a gift, the heir of* Ilion ;
A man ſo breathed, that certain he would fight ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein ; for it runs againſt *Hector.*

Dum. Ay, and *Hector's* a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten ;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will foward with my device ;
Sweet Royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector* ; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet Grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves he by the foot ?

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This* Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.

Coſt. The party is gone, fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone ; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou ;

Coſt. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away ; ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him ; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey !*

Boyet. Renown'd *Pompey !*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey !* *Pompey* the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd, more *Atès*, more *Atès*, ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll ſlaſh; I'll do't by the ſword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Coſt. I'll do't in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey!*

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat? what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and ſoldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; ſince when, I'll be ſworn he wore none, but a diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta*'s, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

SCENE X. *Enter* Macard.

Mac. God ſave you, Madam.

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mac. I am ſorry, Madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father ——

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mac. Even ſo: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath; I have ſeen the day of right through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a ſoldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare, I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay. I thank you, gracious lords,

For

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom to excuſe or hide
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits;
If over-boldly we have born our ſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed,
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of love
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd. Since to wail friends loſt
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the ear of grief;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lyes in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not; throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an hoſpital.
Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord, and ſo I take my leave.
[*To the King.*
King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; theſe ladies' courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.
King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.
Enter Armado.
Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me——
Prin. Was not that *Hector?*
Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy.*
Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteem'd Greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our ſhew.
King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.
Arm. Holla, approach.
Enter

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the ſpring: the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail;*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit, to-who;
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw;*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who:
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the ſongs of *Apollo*;
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.